

The Northfield Press

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. I. NO. 49.

NORTHFIELD, MASS., JUNE 3, 1910.

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20 CENTS A POUND

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NORTHFIELD, MASS.

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**BEST
SHOE**
.. FOR ..
GIRLS
.. IS THE ..
WALTON
"It Will Wear."



These are all Solid Leather and
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IS A DEAD ONE

Feed them with PARIS GREEN or
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they will all be good.

We sell Paris Green for 35 cents
per Lb., 3 Lbs. for \$1.00. Ar-
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Lb., 5 Lbs for \$1.00.

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EAST NORTHFIELD.

A. W. PROCTOR

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Oxfords and two Eyelet Ties in Black
Tan and London Smoke at
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LADIES' OXFORDS SANDALS
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THE VANNESSA

is our leader and is hard to beat.

The "FITZEZY" for tender feet.

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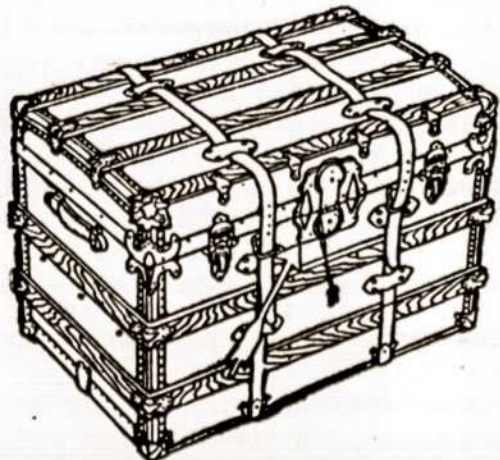
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Straw Hats

at all prices, from the farm hat
at 10 cents to the Panama at
\$4.50 to \$5.50

Trunks and
Suit Cases

A new lot just received from the
Manufacturers



Our No. 400 is Canvas covered, has
hardwood slats capped with brass, Ex-
celsior Lock set between two brass-plat-
ed dowels, two heavy leather straps,
brass-plated bumper corners, two deep
trays with hat box compartment. An
exceptional value.

32 in., \$6.00, 34 in., \$6.25
36 in., \$6.50

A. W. PROCTOR

Notice !

Owing to the rush of work and
the scarcity of help it is abso-
lutely necessary that advertisers
desiring a change bring in their
copy by Wednesday Noon.

NORTHEIELD.

Band Concert tonight.

Examinations are now in progress in
the Seminary.

Additional local news on page 8. Cor-
respondence on page 4.

A. P. Fitt returned yesterday from
a business trip to New York.

Miss Eliza Homan has accepted a
position in the hospital at Keene, N. H.

Mrs. C. T. Candee and son of New
Haven, Conn., are at the Northfield.

Miss Julia Boehne of Wyoming is the
guest of her sister, Mrs. N. Fay Smith.

The High School nine will cross bats
with the Gill team at Gill tomorrow.

Miss Hull gave a tea to the Seminary
seniors on Sunset Knoll Saturday eve.

Mrs. Fitt and Emma were in Williams-
town for last week end.

Miss Julia Hersperger is the guest of
Mrs. A. G. Moody for the summer.

Paul Otis was initiated into the Sons
of Veterans last Monday evening.

Mrs. S. H. Hart has gone to South
Manchester, Conn., to visit her mother.

Mrs. Rose Robbins spent the day the
past week with Mrs. A. D. Stearns.

A. M. Solandt spent Decoration Day
in Springfield with his sister.

Mrs. Johnson of Springfield, Mass.,
has been visiting her brother, C. W.
Mattoon.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Moody were at
Woodstock Inn, Woodstock, Vt. over
Sunday.

W. W. Hart Jr. of Hartford spent
Sunday with his grandparents, Mr. and
Mrs. Thomas Hart.

Mrs. Lizah Holton and daughter, Mrs.
Rieb are visiting Mrs. Ellen Ruggles of
Northfield Farms.

Mrs. Hallett and niece formerly of
Northfield were the guests of Mrs. A.
D. Stearns the past week.

Carl Rasmussen of Mt. Hermon was
the guest of Mrs. Nellie F. Alexander
on Decoration Day.

Miss Eleanor Clark has been visiting
her friend Miss Florine Lyman in
Springfield.

In the notice of Rev. Arthur E.
Wilson's installation on page 5, read
"Wednesday June 15" for "Sunday."

Mrs. Amos Whittaker has gone to
spend the summer with her nephew,
Mr. Wilkness of Nashua, N. H.

Mrs. Paul Moody and daughter Char-
lotte are at Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Fitt's
for a few days.

Miss Madeline Long, who has been
receiving treatment in Dr. Van Allen's
hospital, Springfield, is at home for a
week.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Robert Schell
of New York City are among sum-
mer residents who have arrived
this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodrich, with their
niece Miss Beusel, are on the Ridge en-
joying their bungalow. They will re-
main through the summer.

Word has been received of the death
of little Ruth Howes the grandniece of
Mrs. L. L. Hart and daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. John Howes of Leyden.

By mistake we printed the name of
Marion Grout among the coming grad-
uates from the High School. It should
have been Marion George.

W. D. Alexander who has passed his
83rd birthday went with C. H. Webster
and family by auto to West Dover, Vt.
last Saturday.

The hotel was crowded with guests
over Sunday and Memorial Day, the
largest number in the history of the
hotel at this season of the year.

Rev. F. B. Meyer of London reached
town last Monday and is giving daily
lectures at the schools. He will be
here until the close of the Seminary.

Miss Marion George spent a few days
with her mother in Chelsea the first of
the week. Mrs. George is much im-
proved in health.

The Mack Photo Co. have leased the
room above Wood's Pharmacy for the
summer. Their specialty is Penny Pho-
tos.

Band Concert.

The Northfield Band will give an out-
door concert this evening from the Pro-
ctor Block stand. Attend it, as an
unusually fine program has been ar-
ranged by the leader, Mr. Joseph Field.

And the Bird Came Back.

C. W. Mattoon's canary bird after a
five weeks' absence has returned. This
is its eighth journey into a wicked world;
but thus far it finds no place like home.

Boys' Brigade Notes.

Ten boys from Co. A. spent last Sat-
urday camping out on Strobbridge Farm.
They were under the leadership of E.
S. Hosfield of the Boys Scout move-
ment. They had a delightfull outing.
After June 10 the regular weekly drills
will be discontinued for the summer.
Work on the lines of the Boys' Scout
movement will be substituted. At the
next camp the boys will be given lesson
in wireless telegraphy.

Commencement Program North- field Seminary.

Saturday, June 11, 8 p. m., Sacred
Concert

Sunday, June 12, 10.45 a. m., sermon by
F. B. Meyer in the Auditorium.

4 p. m., Round Top meeting in charge
of the Alumnae.

Monday, June 13, 9 a. m., meeting of
Alumnae Association.

4 p. m., meeting of Student's aid
society.

8 p. m., Estey Chorus Concert.

Tuesday, June 14, 11 a. m., Commence-
ment Exercises in the Auditorium, ad-
dress, Rev. F. B. Myer.

4 p. m., Principal's Reception.

A Hot Game.

The best ball game of the season was
played Monday afternoon between the
High School and Town Team. Nothing
was scored by either side until the
fourth inning, when each got one run.
There it hung until the ninth inning.
The town team then made two runs and
the High School boys did the same. In
the tenth, eleventh and twelfth innings
neither side made a run, but in the thir-
teenth the Town Team succeeded in
reaching the home plate twice, thus
winning the game by a score of 3 to 5.
The base ball fans were out in full force.
As each nine has won a game, the out-
come of the third will be watched with
interest. Friends of both nines are
claiming a walk-away; but to one who
has not a virulent attack of the mania
than chances seem about even.

Memorial Day.

The exercises of Memorial Day be-
gan on Sunday when the G. A. R. and
other patriotic organizations assembled
at a union service in the Congregational
Church. The sermon delivered by Rev.
N. Fay Smith was exceedingly ap-
propriate to the occasion. It was a ser-
mon of exceptional power and timeliness
and was based on the factors that en-
tered into the downfall of the Jewish
nation as indicated by the prophet
Amos. Clearly these same dangers are
threatening America and the discourse
sounded an eloquent warning against
them. From these services the organ-
izations went to Vernon where they
were entertained by comrades.

The program was carried out on Mon-
as planned and as published last week.
Special note should be made of the ex-
cellent singing and speaking by the
school children in the Town Hall and of
the splendid address on "The American
Volunteer" by John B. Billings of Cam-
bridge. The day was an ideal one for
the out door as well as the indoor exer-
cises.

The report of G. E. Stone, Prof. of
Botany in Amherst College, who re-
cently examined the trees in North-
field has been received by the tree
committee of the Village Improve-
ment society. It is comprehensive and
authoritative and its suggestions well
worth carrying out. Owing to its
length and the fact that it came into
our hands late this week we are com-
pelled to defer its publication until
next week.

COMMUNICATED.

NORTHFIELD, June 1, 1910.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

Apropos of "Peter's" letter last week
I would like to ask to whom do the
streets belong?

There seem to be two classes who
think they own the streets:

First, those who think they can walk
or drive anywhere and everywhere they
like. Some abutters go to trouble and
expense in fixing up the street abutting
their places, in accordance with the sug-
gestion of the Selectmen and Improve-
ment Society, when these people come
along and drive or tramp over flowers
and lawns. Should they not be taught
to keep to the beaten paths and road-
ways?

Second, those who take possession of
the highway in order to raise a crop
of hay. At the present time there are
several acres of hay, taken altogether,
on Main street. Does not this belong
to the town? Why should it not be sold
to the highest bidder and the proceeds
used for street improvement?

REPEATER.

MR. EDITOR:

As you are in close proximity to the
Belcher Monument and interested, as
we all are, in the proper lighting of the
street, perhaps you can inform "many
anxious inquirers" as to why the lamp on
top of the monument is not regularly
lighted. SALTPEPER.

MR. EDITOR:

Dear Sir—While passing through your
town on an automobile trip, Memorial
Day, I was much impressed with its
beautiful street and the fine appearance
of the G. A. R. and kindred organiza-
tions as they marched to decorate the
graves of fallen heroes. However, I
could not help but notice the dearth of
flags, as I counted less than half a dozen
the entire length of Main street. Their
absence from the Town Hall, Dickinson
Library and High School building was
especially noticeable. Would it not be
a good idea to incorporate in the ar-
ticles of the next Town Meeting, one to
raise money to purchase flags, at least
for the three buildings mentioned?
TOM FEE.

116 Castle Street, Boston.

Advertised Letters.

The following is a list of letters re-
maining uncalled for at the Northfield
Post Office. Parties calling for the
same please say "Advertised."

CHARLES H. WEBSTER, P. M.

Ash, Mr. James
Baker, Mrs. Orin C., Deer Creek
Beebe, Mr. & Mrs. Junius
Bennett, Miss Winifred, care of Mis Bo-
ker's School
Boyle, Mr. D. E.
Bradlee, Mr. Frederick W.
Burke John W.
Burnham, Mrs May
Choate, Mr. F. W.
Corwin, Mrs. Mary H.
Cushman, Sarah T.
Dewell, Mr. Frank
Darling, Mr. Fred
Dunlap, Miss Jennie
Fields, Mrs. E. M.
Foster, Rev. Geo. F.
Fox, Mr. E.B.
Geisinger, Miss Emma
Greene, Mrs. E. E.
Haskins, Mr. Harold
Howard, Mrs. Mary
Howard, Mortimer P.
Johnson, Mrs. Harriet H., Old Allen
Parsonage
Joyce, Mr. W. C.
Laird, Leonard
Loud, Miss Lucie, "The Anchorage,"
103 Smith St.
Miller, S. L.
Musgrave, Miss
Pierce, Mr. William J.
Pierce, Miss Alice M.
Rupert, Mr. Gouler
Stillman, Miss B. G., care of Miss L.
Perkins
Studwell, Mr. Dwight, Box 42
Sweatland, Mr. L. R., 62 Washington st.
White, Miss Edith
Wright, Mrs. Chas.

The Misses Osgood have received
word from New York city that Mrs.
Chas. Osgood who has been ill with
typhoid fever is recovering and will
soon be able to go to Atlantic City
and later to their home in California.

Through The Wall

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

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& Co.

"Now," began Hauteville, addressing both Lloyd and Mrs. Wilmott, "I come to an important point. I have here a packet of letters written by you, Kittredge, to this lady. You have already identified the handwriting as your own, and you, madam, will not deny that these letters were addressed to you. You admit that, do you not?"

"Yes," answered Pussy weakly. The judge turned over the letters and selected one, from which he read an admiring passage.

He took out his watch and laid it on the desk before him. "Madam, I will give you five minutes. Unless you admit within that time what is perfectly evident—namely, that you were fond of this man—I shall continue the reading of these letters before your husband."

"You're taking a cowardly advantage of a woman!" she burst out.

"No," answered Hauteville sternly; "I am investigating a cowardly murderer." He glanced at his watch. "Four minutes!"

Then to Kittredge, "And unless you admit this thing I shall summon the girl from Notre Dame and let her say what she thinks of this correspondence."

Lloyd staggered under the blow. "Two minutes!" said Hauteville coldly. Then he turned to Mrs. Wilmott. "Your husband is now at his club. One of our men is there also, awaiting my orders. He will get them by telephone and will bring your husband here in a swift automobile. You have one minute left." Now his firm finger advanced toward the white button. Then she yielded. "Stop!" came her low cry. "I did love him!"

"That is better," said the judge. And the scratching of the greffier's pen recorded unalterably Mrs. Wilmott's avowal.

"I don't suppose you will contradict the lady," said Hauteville, turning to Kittredge. "I take your silence as consent, and, after all, the lady's confession is sufficient. You were in love with her. And the evidence shows that you committed a crime based on passionate jealousy and hatred of a rival. We have the motive for the murder and the evidence that you committed the murder. What have you to say for yourself?"

"I threatened to punch his head. That is very different from killing him."

"And the pistol? And the footprints?"

"I don't know; I can't explain it, but I know I am innocent. You say I had a motive for this crime. You're mistaken. I had no motive."

"Didn't you follow her to Europe in the steerage because of your infatuation? Didn't you bear sufferings and privations to be near her? Shall I go over the details of what you did, as I have them here, in order to refresh your memory?"

"No," said Kittredge hoarsely, and his eye was beginning to flame. "My memory needs no refreshing. I am fighting for my life, and now that she has admitted this thing," he eyed the woman scornfully, "I am free to tell the truth—all of it."

"That is what we want," said Hauteville.

"I thought I loved her with a fine, true love, but she showed me it was only a base imitation. I offered her my life, my future, and she would have taken them and broken them and scattered them in my face—and—laughed at me. I—well, never mind, but you can bet all your pretty French philosophy I didn't go about Paris looking for billiard players to kill on her account."

"Then why did you quarrel with Martinez?" demanded the judge.

"Because he was interfering with a woman whom I did love and would fight for."

"For God's sake, stop!" whispered the lawyer.

"Then you consider your love for this other woman—I presume you mean the girl at Notre Dame?"

"Yes."

"You consider your love for her a fine, pure love in contrast to the other love?"

"The other wasn't love."

As Hauteville listened his frown deepened, his eyes grew harder. "That's all very fine," he objected, "but if you hated this woman why did you risk prison, and worse, to get her things? You knew what you were risking, I suppose?"

"Yes, I knew."

"Why did you do it?"

Kittredge hesitated. "I did it for— for what she had been to me. It meant ruin and disgrace for her, and—well, if she could ask such a thing I could grant it. It was like paying a debt, and—I paid mine."

The judge turned to Mrs. Wilmott. "Did you know that he had ceased to love you?"

Pussy Wilmott, with her fine eyes to the floor, answered almost in a whisper, "Yes, I knew it."

"Do you know what he means by saying that you would have spoiled his life and—all that?"

"N-not exactly."

"You do know!" cried the American.

"You know I had given you my life in sacred pledge, and you made a plaything of it. You told me you were unhappy, married to a man you loathed, a dull brute. But when I offered you freedom and my love you drew back. When I begged you to leave him and become my wife, with the law's sanction, you said no, because I was poor and he was rich. You wanted me, but you wanted your luxury too. Love! What did you know about love? You wanted me along with your ease and pleasures, and you couldn't have me on those terms. No!"

"On the whole, I think he's guilty," concluded the judge an hour later, speaking to Coquenil.

"Queer!" muttered the detective. "He says he had three pairs of boots."

Coquenil had drawn two squares of shiny paper from his pocket and was studying them with a magnifying glass. Suddenly his face lighted, and he sprang to his feet. "Great God of heaven!" he cried in excitement, his eyes glued to the magnifying glass, his whole soul concentrated on those two pieces of paper, evidently photographs.

"What is it? What have you found?" asked the judge.

"The alleyway footprints are not identical with the soles of Kittredge's boots."

"But you said they were. The experts said they were."

"We were mistaken. They are almost identical, but not quite. In shape and size they are identical. In the number and placing of the nails in the heel they are identical. In the worn places they are identical, but when you compare them under the magnifying glass this photograph of the footprints with this one of the boot soles you see unmistakable differences in the scratches on separate nails in the heel, unmistakable differences. There are slight differences in size, in position, in wear. They are not the same set of nails. It's impossible. Look for yourself. Compare any two and you'll see that they were never in the same pair of boots."

"It seems true; it certainly seems true," Hauteville grumbled, "but how do you account for it?"

Coquenil smiled. "Kittredge told you he had three pairs of boots. They were machine made and the same size. He says he kept them all going, so they were all worn approximately alike. We have the pair that he wore that night and another pair found in his room, but the third pair is missing. It's the third pair of boots that made those alleyway footprints. I think we shall have found Martinez's murderer when we find the man who stole that third pair of boots, unless Kittredge lied when he told that girl he had never suffered with gout or rheumatism."

CHAPTER XIII.

"FROM HIGHER UP."

AS part of a day's work M. Paul had taken steps for the finding of the auger dropped into the Seine by Pussy Wilmott, and betimes on the morning after that lady's examination a diver began work along the Concorde bridge under the guidance of a young detective named Bobet, selected for this duty by M. Paul himself. Another man was circulating in and out among friends of Martinez, whom he must study one by one until the false friend had been discovered. And another thread was hurrying still another man along the trail of the fascinating Anita, for Coquenil wanted to find out why she had changed her mind that night and what she knew about the key to the alleyway door. Somebody gave that key to the assassin!

Besides all this, and more important, M. Paul had planned a piece of work for Papa Tignol when the old man reported for instructions this same Wednesday morning.

"Ah, Tignol!" he exclaimed, with a buoyant smile. "It's a fine day, all the birds are singing, and—we're going to do great things." He rubbed his hands exultantly. "I want you to do a little job at the Hotel des Etrangers, where Kittredge lived. You are to take a room on the sixth floor if possible and spend your time playing the flute."

"Playing the flute!" gasped Tignol. "I don't know how to play the flute!"

"All the better! Spend your time learning. There is no one who gets so quickly in touch with his neighbors as a man learning to play the flute."

"Ah," grinned the other shrewdly, "you're after information from the sixth floor! Eh, eh? A droll idea! I'll learn to play the flute!"

"Meet me at 9 tonight at the Three Wise Men and—good luck. I'm off to the Sante."

He proposed to make Lloyd walk back and forth several times in a pair of his own boots over soft earth in the prison yard and then show the impressions of these new footprints were

different in the pressure marks and probably in the length of stride from

those left in the alleyway. This would be further indication, along with the differences already noted in the nails, that the alleyway footprints were not made by Kittredge.

Not made by Kittredge, reflected the detective, but by a man wearing Kittredge's boots, a man wearing the missing third pair, the stolen pair. Ah, there was a nut to crack! This man must have stolen the boots, as he had doubtless stolen the pistol, to throw suspicion on an innocent person. It was essential to his purpose that the boots be found in Kittredge's room. He must have intended to return them. Something quite unforeseen must have prevented him from doing so. What had prevented the assassin from returning Kittredge's boots?

As soon as Coquenil reached the prison he was shown into the director's private room, and he noticed that M. Dedet received him with suspicion. "What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Everything. What the devil did you mean by sending that girl to me?"

"What did I mean?" repeated Coquenil. "Didn't she tell you what she wanted?"

Dedet made no reply, but he searched among some envelopes and produced a square of faded blotting paper.

"There!" he said. And, with a heavy finger, he pointed to a scrawl of words. "There's what she wrote, and you know it—we'll put her up to it!"

"I have no idea what this means," declared Coquenil.

"You lie!" retorted the jailer.

M. Paul sprang to his feet. "Take that back!" he ordered, with a look of menace, and the rough man grumbled an apology. "Just the same," he muttered, "it's mighty queer how she knew it unless you told her."

"Knew what?"

The jailer eyed Coquenil searchingly. "Nom d'un chien, I guess you're straight, after all, but how did she come to write that?" He scratched his dull head in mystification.

"I have no idea."

Coquenil took off his glasses and rubbed them carefully. Then without more discussion he left the prison and drove directly to the Palais de Justice to see Hauteville, who had previously summoned him. What did this mean? What could it mean?

As he approached the lower arm of the river he saw Bobet sauntering along the quay.

"What are you doing here?" he asked. "I told you to watch that diver."

The young detective shrugged his shoulders. "The job's done. He found the auger."

"Ah! Where is it?"

"I gave it to M. Gibelin because he told me to."

"You must be crazy! You take your orders from me."

"Do I?" laughed the other. "M. Gibelin says I take orders from him."

"We'll see about this," muttered M. Paul. He entered the courtyard of the Palais de Justice and hurried to the office of Judge Hauteville. On the stairs he met Gibelin.

"See here," he said abruptly, "what have you done with that auger?"

"Put it in the department of old iron," rasped the other. "We can't waste time on foolish clews."

Coquenil glared at him. "We can't, eh? I suppose you have decided that?"

"Precisely," retorted Gibelin.

"And you've been giving orders to young Bobet?"

"Go in there and you'll find out," sneered the fat man, jerking a derisive thumb toward Hauteville's door.

M. Paul entered the judge's private room.

"My dear Coquenil," exclaimed Hauteville, with cordial hand extended, "I'm glad to see you, but you must prepare for bad news. They have taken you off the force. Your commission is canceled."

"But—but why?"

"For influencing Dedet to break a rule about a prisoner au secret."

"I thought the girl might get important evidence from her lover."

"No doubt, but you ought to have asked me for an order. I'm afraid you will have to suffer."

"Did you make the complaint?"

"No, no! The order came from higher up."

"The chief revoked my commission?"

"The order came from his office."

"And now Gibelin is in charge of the case?"

"Yes."

"And I am discharged from the force—discharged in disgrace? Then I'll tell you what Gibelin will do, and that is important. He will let this American go to trial and be found guilty for want of evidence that would save him."

"Not if I can help it," replied Hauteville.

"Thanks," said M. Paul. "I think I'll have a word with the chief."

The chief came out, followed by a black bearded judge, who was bidding him obsequious farewell.

As M. Simon moved away briskly his eye fell on the waiting detective, and his genial face clouded.

"Ah, Coquenil," he said, "I'm sorry about this business."

"Sorry?" exclaimed M. Paul. "So is Hauteville sorry, but if you're sorry why did you let the thing happen?"

M. Simon laid a warning finger on his lips. "This is in strictest confidence. The order came through his office, but I don't believe the prefect de police issued it personally. It came from higher up."

Coquenil kept his appointment that night at the Three Wise Men and found Papa Tignol waiting for him, his face troubled even to the tip of his luminous purple nose. Later, with Tignol and Pougeot, he started on a ride in a taxicab, which mystified his two companions. During the ride, which took them into the country.

Coquenil ordered the chauffeur to knock at the door of a desolately located house. No sooner had the operator obeyed when Coquenil climbed into the chauffeur's seat and started the machine ahead at full speed despite the cries and imprecations of the deserted machinist, who plunged desperately after the machine. "That was Gibelin," laughed the great detective to his astounded companions. "He was the chauffeur and was spying on me. He'll have only fifteen miles to walk to reach Paris."

During the return to Paris Coquenil said to Pougeot in very serious tones:

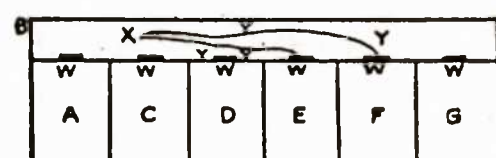
"I may have to call on you suddenly. You may get some strange message by some queer messenger. Look at this ring. Will you know it—a brown stone marked with Greek characters? It's a talisman. You'll listen to any one who brings you this ring, old friend, eh?"

Pougeot grasped M. Paul's hand and wrung it affectionately.

They went to the room of Tignol, who announced to Coquenil, "I have found a little shrimp of a photographer who has seen your murderer, all right."

"The devil!" started M. Paul. "Where?"

Tignol pointed out of a window to a balcony running along the front of the hotel. "There! There are six rooms opening on that balcony." Taking a sheet of paper, he made a rough diagram:



"Now, then," continued Papa Tignol, surveying his handiwork with pride, "I think that is clear. B, here, is the balcony just outside, and there are the six rooms with windows opening on it. We are in this room, D, and my friend the little photographer is in the next room, E, peacefully sleeping, but he wasn't peaceful when he came home tonight and heard me playing that flute, although I played in my best manner—eh, eh? He stood it for about ten minutes, and then, eh, eh? It was another case of through the wall, first one boot, bang, then another boot, smash, only there were no holes for the boots to come through. And then it was profanity!"

"Well, well!" fretted Coquenil.

"Then we got acquainted. I apologized and offered him beer, which he likes. Then he apologized and told me his troubles. He's in love with a pretty dressmaker who lives in this Room C. She is fair, but fickle. He tells me she has made him unhappy by flirting with a medical student who lives in this Room G. It seems the little photographer has been getting more and more jealous lately. He was satisfied that his ladylove and the medical student used this balcony as a lover's lane, and he began lying in wait at his window for the medical student to steal past toward the dressmaker's room. For several nights last week he waited and nothing happened. But he's a patient little shrimp, so he waited again Saturday night, and something did happen."

"The night of the murder?"

"That's it. He saw a man pass his window, and he was sure it was the medical student. He stepped out softly and followed him as far as the window of Room C. Then he sprang upon the man from behind, intending to chastise him. The man turned on him like a flash, and it wasn't the medical student."

"Who was it? Go on!"

"He doesn't know anything about the man except that his hand shut like a vise on the shrimp's throat and nearly choked the life out of him. You can see the nail marks still on the cheek and neck, but he remembers distinctly that the man carried something in his hand."

"My God! The missing pair of boots!" cried Coquenil. "Was it?"

Tignol nodded. "Sure! He was carrying 'em loose in his hand. I mean they were not wrapped up. He was going to leave 'em in Kittredge's room. Here it is, A." He pointed to the diagram.

"It's true. It must be true," murmured M. Paul. "And what then?"

"Nothing. I guess the man saw it was only a shrimp he had hold of, so he shook him two or three times and dropped him back into his own room, and he never said a word."

Coquenil's face grew somber. "It was the assassin," he said. "There's no doubt about it." The detective stopped short. "Great heavens," he cried, "I can prove it! You say his nail marks show?"

Tignol shrugged his shoulders. "They show as little scratches."

"Little scratches are all I want," said the other, snapping his fingers ex-



"PARBLEU!" MUTTERED THE SHRIMP.

citedly. "It's simply a question which side of his throat bears the thumb mark. We know the murderer is a left handed man, and, being suddenly attacked, he certainly used the full strength of his left hand in the first desperate clutch. He was facing the man as he took him by the throat, so if he used his left hand the thumb mark must be on the left side of the photographer's throat, whereas if a right handed man had done it the thumb mark would be on the right side."

"Yes," said Tignol. "Now bring the man in here." "I'll get him in," said the commissary.

A few moments later was brought in a thin, sleepy little person wrapped in a red dressing gown.

The photographer stood meekly for inspection while Coquenil studied the marks on his face. There, plainly marked on the left side of the throat, was a single imprint, the curving red mark where a thumb nail had closed hard, while on the right were prints of the fingers.

"He used his left hand, all right," said Coquenil, "and, sapristi, he had sharp nails!"

"Parbleu!" mumbled the shrimp. Patiently the photographer stood still while the commissary and Tignol tried to stretch their fingers over the red marks that scarred his countenance. And neither of them succeeded. They could cover all the marks except that of the little finger, which was quite beyond their reach. Coquenil remembered Alice's words that day as she looked at his plaster casts.

A very long little finger—here it was, one that must equal the length of that famous seventeenth century criminal's little finger in his collection. But this man was living! He had brought back Kittredge's boots! He was left handed! He had a very long little finger! And Alice knew such a man!

Continued next week.

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Northfield Press

HILDA THE HELPER

VI.—She Is a Harmonizer

Hilda the Helper organized the Women's Civic Service, and, oh, THE WAY SHE ENERGIZED made Mrs. Slowpoke nervous.



And old Miss Knocker was so mad she wouldn't 'tend the meetings at first, but later she got glad and sent her kindest greetings.

Hilda the Helper, don't you see, was such A SWIRL OF ACTION she made the women all agree and strangled every faction.

The Evolution of Booster Bill

VI.—He Decides to Buy a Home

When Bill Blue had to buy of yore It made his tightwad spirit sore, So these times, be it understood, He made as seldom as he could.

His cash to no home merchant went. To a mail order house he sent. "These stores that we have here," said he,

"Are robbers, but they can't rob me."



This made the local tradesmen blaze. They cried: "That rule will work both ways."

IF BILL CUTS US, WHY, WE'LL CUT BILL

Till of that game he has his fill. It jarred Bill some. He said: "By Jack! If I spend here it may COME BACK." His dollars now no longer roam, But "Bill the Booster" buys at home.

Spontini's Decorations.

Caspario Spontini, the composer, regarded himself in the light of a demigod, and when inspirations crowded upon him he donned a wide, togalike gown of white silk with a border of gold and a fez of white silk embroidered in gold from which a heavy tassel hung down. With great dignity he sat down before his desk, and if a grain of dust was visible on the paper on which he penned his music he rang the bell impatiently for his servant to remove the obstacle. Spontini owned so many medals and decorations that they could no longer be accommodated on his breast. At a grand musical reunion at Halle an old musician remarked to a comrade, "See how many decorations Spontini has, while Mozart has not one." Spontini, who overheard it, replied quickly, "Mozart, my dear friend, does not need them."

A South African Animal.

There is a curious looking animal in South Africa that looks for all the world like a piece of toast with four legs, a head and a tail. It resembles a pussy cat about the forehead and ears, but its nose is distinctly that of a rat, while its tail is not very dissimilar to that of a fox. This strange animal is called the aard wolf and doubtless dwells in South Africa because, judged by his looks, he would not be admitted into good animal society anywhere else.

FIERCE ESKIMO DOGS.

They Retain Their Wild Nature Despite Long Training.

AS SAVAGE AS THE WOLVES.

And Like Their Ferocious Congeners They Always Hunt in Packs—in Stances in Labrador Where They Have Devoured Human Beings.

There undoubtedly is an affinity between the wolf and the Eskimo dog. For generations the dog has been trained by the Eskimos, chiefly by the women, and taught to haul a sledge in winter. The Hudson Bay company's agents and the settlers on the coast of Labrador vie with each other in getting together splendid teams. One would naturally suppose that dogs of this kind, so long trained and associated with men, would become more or less domesticated and lose their original savage character. It is, however, quite otherwise.

The Eskimo dog of today is still a pure, unmitigated savage. Like his congener, the wolf, he always hunts in packs. Quite recently an Eskimo, with his wife and child, was making a journey with his team to a nearby settlement. On his way the driver became ill and weak and quite unable to control his team. The dogs turned on them and devoured the whole family.

An old resident at Labrador told me that one winter's evening he was sitting reading when he heard a furious barking among his dogs outside. Fighting among the pack was so common that he took no notice of the disturbance. Next morning the cause of the row was discovered. A poor Eskimo woman was coming to the house for medicine for her sick child. She stumbled over the heap of snow near the door. The pack sprang on her, and some rags and bones discovered next morning told the tale of her tragic fate.

The Newfoundland fishermen often bring home these Eskimo dogs from Labrador. They invariably turn out sheep killers, and the crossbred ones have all the same savage instinct. They have been known to kill a score or more sheep in one night, all being found with their throats torn, but not one eaten. It is simply the savage lust for blood. The early settlers in Newfoundland found the great timber wolves a terrible pest. They killed their sheep and cattle and sometimes attacked women and children. They were continually chased and killed, but still they increased. A handsome bounty on wolfskins, however, eventually brought about their extermination.

Animals that hunt or move together in packs always retain this characteristic. The reindeer in Lapland have been trained and domesticated by man for countless generations, but they still retain this instinct of the pack. As soon as the team moves all the reindeer start off; nothing can stop them. While the savage pack hunting character of the Eskimo dog remains so long unchanged, we have, on the other hand, in setter and retriever dogs a very striking illustration of how an artificial character can be given to the dog and a special characteristic firmly implanted in a breed and retained for centuries. It is, however, purely artificial and is easily lost. For instance, setters and pointers kept by ladies as pets and not trained lose the instinct to point. The untrained breed within a generation lose it altogether. Every sportsman knows that the young ones are very easily trained and point naturally. I have seen setter pups only six weeks old setting at flies.

The instinct for retrieving is perpetuated in no breed so strongly as the real Newfoundland dog, the fisherman's friend and constant companion and the most splendid of all retrievers. A remarkable instance of his gifts and courage is the story of a Newfoundland settler, George Harvey, how with the aid of his dog and two children he saved 103 lives in 1832. In the autumn of that year the brig Dispatch, on her way to Quebec with emigrants, in a tremendous gale of wind struck a rock about three miles from Harvey's residence at Isle aux Morts. Harvey heard the signals of distress and immediately launched his boat. His only help was a boy of twelve, his girl, sixteen years old, and his dog. To get close to the doomed ship in such a sea was to court destruction. Harvey's dog understood what was required of him. He swam toward the ship. The seas overwhelmed him and drove him back, but finally he came near enough. The sailors threw him a rope, which he caught with his teeth. At last he got back to Harvey's boat almost dead from exhaustion, but with the rope's end firmly clinched in his teeth. Communication between the boat and the ship was then established, and with care and the most laborious efforts every soul was saved.—Judge Prowse in London Standard.

These Days.

"That man looks like a pirate."
"He is."
"What? You don't mean it?"
"Well, he runs a meat market."

HAMMERSTEIN'S LIFE STORY

Famous Manager Who Has Retired From Operatic Field.

Oscar Hammerstein, former director of the Manhattan Opera House in New York city, who has just retired from the field of grand opera by selling to the Metropolitan Opera company and persons closely allied with it all his opera interests and the Philadelphia Opera House for a consideration of about \$2,100,000, was born in Berlin in 1847. Sixteen years later he ran away from home and eventually reached America in the steerage of a sailing vessel. Landing at Castle Garden, in New York city, in 1863, he obtained employment with a manufacturer of cigars, who paid him \$2 or \$3 a week and instructed him in the art of manufacture. In 1868 he had saved enough money to start a tobacco trade paper and later invented several machines for use in the trade. From both he derived great profit.

His First Theater.

Later he began to invest money in real estate, writing plays as a pastime and becoming associated in the management of the old Stadt theater, on the Bowery. Then, in 1880, he built his first theater, the Harlem Opera House. He lost money in this venture for three years before the tide turned. He followed this by projecting the present Murray Hill theater, but sold at a large profit before more than the foundations were laid.

Continuing his course downtown, he built the Manhattan theater in Thirty-fourth street, which he turned into a music hall in partnership with Koster

HAMMERSTEIN'S OPERATIC EXPERIENCE.

Cost of opera and receipts:
1906-7—Cost, \$750,000; receipts, \$900,000.
1907-8—Cost, \$1,200,000; receipts, \$1,250,000.
1908-9—Cost, \$1,000,000; receipts, \$1,100,000.
1909-10—Cost, \$1,300,000; receipts, \$1,150,000.
Greatest money making opera—"Salome."
Highest salaries paid by Hammerstein: Tetrazzini, \$3,000 a night; Garden, \$1,500; Zenatello, \$1,300; Renaud, \$1,000; Sammarco, \$500.

& Bial. After a disagreement he retired and bought the ground for the Olympia, which, after it had been built and had failed, was turned into what are now the New York and Criterion theaters. A few years prior to this time—1899—he had written an opera or two.

Announcing that he had profited by his experience and would persevere, he built the Victoria and the Republic, now the Belasco, and made public plans for a theater to be called the Drury Lane, to be devoted to melodrama and to be built on land in Thirty-fourth street, west of Eighth avenue. Ground was broken in 1903. A year later construction was stopped, and Mr. Hammerstein announced that the property was for sale. Eventually he changed his decision and completed the structure which is called the Manhattan Opera House.

Experiences of Two Seasons.
In previous years the impresario had given out that opera had paid there, or at least had cost him very little in view of the artistic boon which he was conferring upon the public. His own opinion, given in 1907 at the close of the first season of the Manhattan Opera House, after he had announced that the receipts of nearly \$750,000 had overbalanced to a considerable extent the expenditures, was expressed in these words:

"I'm told I am lucky."
At the end of the present season, however, he came out with a statement that his losses had been heavy. On March 25, the night before the house closed, he was called before the curtain. When the applause had died down he said:

"The past season financially has been a very unfortunate one, but there have been a deluge of musical efforts and a surfeit of grand opera. While my losses have been enormous, I am proud of knowing that those of my adversaries have been much larger. My efforts in the great cause, however, will not relax, and I am planning for next season the greatest and most sublime opera for the pleasure of my audiences and the honor of myself."

The Manhattan Opera company had appeared frequently in other cities, and Mr. Hammerstein had built an opera house in Philadelphia and had announced plans for similar structures in Brooklyn, Chicago and other large centers. The Brooklyn project was allowed to die some time ago, possibly by reason of the vicissitudes experienced in Philadelphia, and the other opera houses never were built.

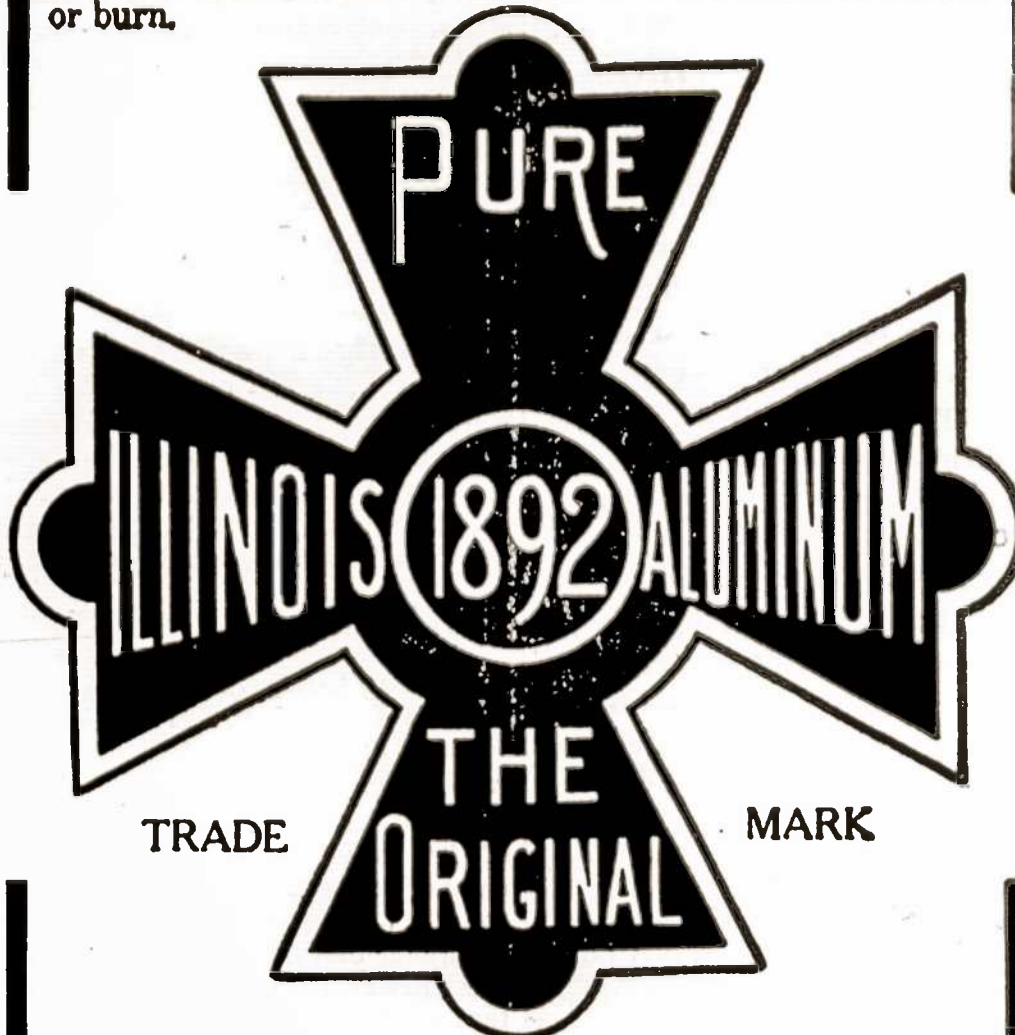
Mr. Hammerstein is a pianist, a violinist, a linguist, a wit and a philosopher.

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A Gentle Hint.

Young Man—Your twin daughters seem absolutely inseparable. The Mother—Oh, I don't know. A young man with half a million, like yourself, ought to make good as a separator.—Chicago News.

Josh Billings used to say that when a man begins going downhill all creation seems greased for the occasion.

Why He Desired a Cannon.

It is related that an Indian chief once approached General Crook and wanted to borrow a cannon. "Do you expect me to loan you a cannon with which to kill my soldiers?" the old veteran inquired. "No," the chief replied; "kill soldiers with a club. Want cannon to kill cow-boys."

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FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1910

The Editors' Say.

STREET LIGHTING

THOSE citizen who are now helping to light the streets by placing lamps on their porches or lawns deserve the thanks of the community. The trees, which are objects of such beauty by day, act like a blanket at night, even when the moon is up, and shroud the sidewalk and roadway in Egyptian darkness. It is bad enough in summer, but in winter it is worse.

There are a few stretches still unlighted, and it is hoped that friends will respond to the present efforts of the Village Improvement Society to get these illuminated. There are plenty of fixtures up and down the street, and all that these need is the attention of the adjacent householders, who (we presume) have the lamps that go with the fixtures. A porch lamp and reflector can be bought for a dollar or two, if necessary.

Light is a good policeman. Hoodlums love darkness. Thoughtless or degenerate youths who think it great fun to smash windows or steal flowers are afraid of light. Warning signs only provoke practical jokes; a lamp has protective value against petty pilfering and nuisances.

The advertising value of street and window lights ought surely to appeal to the store and boarding house keepers. In the cities they know the value of a well lighted store front, but here the stores are black and unnoticed after they close all for the lack of a porch light or a window light left burning.

The best rule to follow is light the lamp all night and every night. Then you will not forget it any night.

ARE YOU A "CIVICIDE?"

Or Do You Work For the Growth and Development of Your Home Town?

Close on the heels of "opplidism," the word suggested by a correspondent of a New York paper to express the idea of civic pride, enthusiasm for one's home town, comes "civildism," a word coined by Mayor Brand Whitlock of Toledo.

Mayor Whitlock used the word to express the love a citizen bears or should bear to his city, just as patriotism means the love a man bears for his country or fatherland. Mayor Whitlock's neo-Latinism is derived from the Latin word "civis," which means a citizen, or "civitas," meaning citizenship.

In his message to the city council in which the word "civildism" occurred Toledo's chief magistrate used another word of his own manufacture. It was "civildism," by which term he characterized those persons who for selfish motives obstruct public works and thereby hinder the growth and development of a city.

PRESERVING FLOWERS.

How to Keep Them Crisp and In Good Color With Little Trouble.

Long stemmed and fresh, the flowers are laid upon waxed paper that will prevent evaporation of the vital essence, or sap, which is the life, and inclosed in a box with a close cover. Thus conveyed to a friend, lover or invalid they hold color and crispness.

If you would keep them yet longer that they may grace some special "occasion" fit on the cover, without disturbing the contents of the box and put the flowers away in a dark, cool place to await the moment of display. Before arranging them in a vase or bowl of water clip the ends of the stems to encourage capillary attraction. Water is not sap, but it will lengthen plant life. A bit of charcoal in the bottom of the vase is a sanitary measure; also the admixture of a teaspoonful of ammonia in a pint of water. Clip the stems daily while the flowers last.

Subscribe for THE PRESS

Mount Hermon.

J. C. S. Andrews, formerly professor of History at Mount Hermon, delivered the Memorial Day address at the Chapel, Monday evening. The subject of his talk was Abraham Lincoln.

E. S. Wing, Donald McConaughy and James McConaghey spent Memorial Day at the school.

Dr. Jones of Korea preached at the school. He spoke on the religious conditions of Korea today, giving a most interesting and impressive address. Rarely has a speaker had better attention. Rev. F. B. Meyer has started a two weeks' course of lectures on the Book of Exodus and the New Testament analogues. He also speaks at the evening chapel services.

Arthur Curtiss James of New York City, donor of the new gymnasium, will be present at the dedication services to be held Saturday at 10:30. Rev. R. F. Chambers of Redwood Falls, Minn., a graduate of the class of 1892 will also be present. The new athletic field will be named Chambers field in honor of Mr. Chambers, who changed it from a swampy piece of ground to the present excellent field. Rev. F. B. Meyer of London will deliver the address.

PAULHAN'S AVIATION RECORDS

Winner of London-Manchester Flight Also Holds Altitude Record.

Louis Paulhan, the French aviator who recently completed with only one stop an aeroplane flight in England of 183 miles from London to Manchester, thereby winning the prize of \$50,000 offered by Lord Northcliffe, proprietor of the Daily Mail, holds at the present time both the long distance record and the altitude record for aeroplanes. He made the flight in 4 hours 11 minutes and defeated Grahame White, an English aviator.

Only a few days ago he went a distance of 130 miles, from Orleans to Arcis-sur-Aube, France, without alighting. He and Henry Farman were relieving each other in a cross country test, using the same machine. Working partners in this way, they took the same car over a 220 mile stretch. The distance was covered in five hours.

In the Orleans flight Paulhan, although he broke the long distance record, reached an altitude of only about 2,000 feet. It was at the Los Angeles (Cal.) meet last January that he won for heavier than air machines the altitude record, rising 5,000 feet. No one else has ever gone so high either before or since in a heavier than air machine. Paulhan used the Farman biplane. He took only seven minutes and a half to descend almost a mile. At another time in the course of the Los Angeles meet he traveled forty-seven and a half miles in 1 hour and 2 minutes.

Previous to Paulhan's 130 mile flight the long distance record was held by Henry Farman. Last August, at the Rheims meet, Farman went over 111 miles in his biplane without alighting. The contestants at that meet for the distance prize and the distance covered were as follows:

Henry Farman, biplane	111.75
Hubert Latham, monoplane	56.32
Louis Paulhan, biplane	81.32
Count de Lambert, biplane	72.03
Roger Sommer, biplane	37.22
M. De La Grange, monoplane	31.06
M. Bleriot, monoplane	24.84
Glenn H. Curtiss, biplane	18.63
M. Lefebvre, biplane	13.04

The \$50,000 prize for which Paulhan and Grahame White, the English aviator, contested has been open to aviators for three years. Lord Northcliffe, through the columns of the Daily Mail, offered it in the hope of attracting Farman and the Wright brothers. Two years ago, when no one offered to compete in the London-Manchester test, Lord Northcliffe offered a prize of \$2,500 for the first aviator to cross the channel.

According to the rules of the London-Manchester test the contestants were to traverse the distance, 183 miles, between the two cities within twenty-four hours. They were to make only two stops. The machines used were to be heavier than air.

Hempstead, where Paulhan began his flight, is a northwest district of London, elevated 440 feet above the sea.

Methods of Hardening Stone.

By new methods soft sandstone or limestone or even mortar or concrete is made hard and impermeable to a depth of half an inch or so and after treatment can be polished and cut. This makes it practicable to use soft, easily worked stones where the hard material is needed, as in tanks, pavements, etc. In one process the surface of the stone is first thoroughly cleaned, cavities are filled with cement mortar tempered with water glass solution, the whole is then saturated with a solution of potash or soda water glass and is finally impregnated with molten chloride of calcium. The reaction of the chloride of calcium on the water glass fills the pores with hard, insoluble silicate of lime. Another process consists in first saturating with sulphate of ammonia solution and then with a solution of potash water glass, wiping off the solution not absorbed in one minute.

HOME THE PLACE TO SPEND MONEY

If You Are Seeking Greatest Gain,

DO NOT SEND IT TO THE CITY,

Whence It Comes Back Ne'er Again. Help Your Neighbor In His Striving, Boost Your Town and Do Your Best. Life Will Take on Brighter Colors, Living Have a Higher Zest.

If Jim Billson is your neighbor and a good, hardworking man; if he does his best to live here on an honest, upright plan; if his wife and yours are friendly and his lads play with your boys, don't you think you ought to help him through the world's turmoil and noise?

If he's fixed it up to serve you with the goods that you require; if his prices are but fair ones and are not a penny higher than the prices in the city, do you think it's fair to him, to be sending out of town for goods instead of helping Jim?

Don't you know the trade that stays here is the thing that helps the town, pays the taxes and expenses, keeps the cost of living down? Think it over, turn it over in your own fair reasoning mind, and if tempted to trade elsewhere, why, just put the thought behind!

Help the town that you reside in! Thus is your plain duty shown. The big city doesn't need you half as much as does your own. Join the boosters' club and help us build it up and make it grow. All it needs is lots of workers who will give it half a show.

Keep your cash a-circulating where it brings the best return (that's unless you have enough of it to throw away or burn), for the dollar in the home town is the one that does the work, while the one that's sent away from there is nothing but a shirk.

Yes, the catalogue's enticing that mail order houses send, but you'll find there's nothing really cheap about it in the end. The closer that the dollar sticks the farther will it go. Just try spending it at home and give your merchant friend a show.

Every bit you help your neighbor takes the burden off your back; for it helps him to repay in kind, when your affairs are slack. It's a mighty sorry business saying "howdy do" by mail to the man who can't repay you with a smile for every sale.

When you're tempted by the bargains that are spread out to your view, and it seems so very easy just to "send your order through," take a minute to consider if your neighbor cannot sell the same goods or just as good ones for a price that suits as well.

"Boosters' clubs" are all the "go" now in the towns throughout the land, and there's praise for the uplifting, for the willing, working hand. Why, there's nothing half so lifting, half so helpful or so strong, as the hand of him who's willing to assist his town along!

CHARLES N. LURIE.

Electrical Fires.

A New England electrical engineer discussed the important subject of the extinguishment of electrical fires, which, he rightly says, often call for judgment and prompt action. He warns operators against employing the stream from an extinguisher upon "live apparatus," in such cases the first precaution being to shut off the current. But there are cases where it is of first importance to fight the fire. A liberal supply of sand and dry powder is recommended, and there have been times when a wet canvas tarpaulin has been used with effect in smothering an incipient blaze.

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In the Press.

"All About Northfield."

By A. P. FITT.

A brief history and guide to Northfield, Mass., and vicinity, with illustrations, maps and diagrams, and directory of general information and business notices.

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Northfield's Greatest Son—D. L. Moody.

The Moody Schools.

Northfield Seminary—Mount Hermon School.

The Northfield Conferences.

General Conference for Christian Workers—Student Conference for Men—Camp Northfield.

Up Main Street and Winchester Road.

Walks and Drives about Northfield.

King Philip's Hill—Mount Hermon via Bennett's Meadow Bridge or Munn's Ferry—Beer's Memorial—River Drive and French King—Millers Falls—Hermit Rock and Erving—Greenfield via Bernardston or Gill—Stoughton's Bird Track Quarry—Poet's Seat—Turners Falls—Deerfield—Huckle Hill and Vernon—Bear's Den and Wild Cat Mountain—Hell's Back Kitchen—Louisiana Mountain—Point Rock—Lovers' Retreat—Pulpit Rock—Winchester, N. H.—Forest Lake—Hinsdale, N. H.—Ashuelot River Drive—Chesterfield and Lake Spofford; N. H.—Pisgah Primeval Forest—Three States Point—Vernon Dam—Brattleboro, Vt.—Crag Mountain—Ice Cave and Rattlesnake Den—Ober's Lookout—Warwick, Mass.—Warwick and Winchester Drive—Longer Trips—Summary of Distances.

Directory of General Information.

Post Offices—Railroad Stations—Churches—Public Schools—Patriotic and Fraternal Organizations—Water Companies—Cemeteries—Bridges—Ferries—Hotels—Fire Department—Town Officers, 1910, etc.

Northfield Press

Northfield, Mass.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

First Parish (Unitarian)
Main St. and Parker Ave.
Rev. Arthur E. Wilson, Pastor
Services at 10.45 a. m.
Sunday School, 12 m.

Trinitarian Congregational
Main St., near Mill Brook
Rev. N. Fay Smith, Pastor
Sundays, 10.45, 12, 6.45 and 7.30
Thursdays, 8 p. m.

St. Patrick's Parish
Main Street
Rev. J. S. Nelligan, Pastor
Services every alternate
Sunday at 8.30 a. m.

Advent Christian Church
South Vernon
Rev. A. E. Phelps, Pastor
Sundays, 10.45, 12, 6.30 and 7.30
Thursdays, 7.30 p. m.

A Prayer

Almighty God! with pitying love
Look on us from Thy throne above;
Into our hearts Thy grace instill,
Teach us, O God, to do Thy will.

Infinite God! Thy sacred law
From all Thy works we still may draw,
Yet help us Lord to read aright
That which is seen with fainter light.

All potent God! we pray for light
To gild the gloom of error's night
Oh, grant us power to backward roll
Its darkness from the human soul,

Oh Lord! our God! we Thee implore
Keep us from sin for evermore.
Oh haste the hour when truth's bright
ray

Shall usher in undying day.
All seeing God! when e'er we stray
Direct our steps in wisdom's way;
And through the night, while wrapt
in sleep,

Till morning dawns our spirits keep.
Eternal God! we humbly bow
With fervent hope before Thee now;
Thy goodness and Thy grace we trust,
And shall when dust returns to dust.

CHURCH NEWS

Communion services will be held Sunday morning in the Congregational Church. In the evening the Sunday School will give a Children's Day Song service. They have been rehearsing for several weeks and their songs will be enjoyed by all who attend.

The Rev. Arthur E. Wilson will be installed as pastor of the Unitarian Church on Sunday June 15.

A very interesting meeting of the Women's Alliance was held Wednesday afternoon. Cardinal Newman's celebrated hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," was sung and a sketch of his life was given. Mrs. Arthur E. Wilson gave an account of her trip with Mr. Wilson to the Conference in Boston last week and also a report of Mrs. Emma C. Lowe's address on the work of the various alliances. A pleasant feature of the Boston meeting was the meeting together for luncheon of the various pastors of the Northfield churches.

VOTE FOR A QUIET FOURTH.

Jersey Children Against Fireworks if Substitute Fun is Provided.

The children of the Berkeley public school in Bloomfield, N. J., voted the other day by 154 to 43 for a noiseless Fourth of July.

"Would you be willing to forego the use of fireworks and firecrackers July 4 provided you are permitted to use the money that would be spent for those explosives for some other purpose?" was the question the pupils were asked.

The vote stood: For fireworks, 31 boys; against fireworks, 74 boys; for fireworks, 17 girls; against fireworks, 80 girls. In the eighth grade, the highest in the school, composed of twenty girls and thirteen boys, one pupil, a boy, voted for fireworks.

Auto Used as Subtreasurer.

The city treasurer of Oakland, Cal., recently paid off the outside city employees from the police automobile. The salaries, amounting to \$15,000, were distributed in this way. The city employees will be paid off in this manner in the future instead of in the old time wasting way of leaving their jobs in some distant part of the city to go to the treasurer's office to get their envelopes.

Gases in Halley's Comet.

Halley's comet is now plainly visible from the summit of Mount Wilson. Professor Adams, who has charge of making the observations, said the other day that the spectrum showed the head of the comet to be surrounded by cyanogen gas. The tail is composed of hydrocarbon gas. In some parts one gas prevails, while elsewhere the other is predominant.

SOUTH VERNON

The subject of the pastor's discourse at the morning service on Sunday will be "Divine Authority and Divine Power." Evening theme, "A Bad Bargain."

Charlie Spear, son of C. L. Spear met with an accident while experimenting with a wheel and string. His machine caught and injured the forefinger of his left hand so that part of it was lost by the surgical operation that was necessary.

Ernest Adams is clerking for E. B. Buffum and Son.

Mrs. Belding with a party of eight from Springfield spent Wednesday at Mr. Belding's farm.

Samuel Bacon of Brandon, Vt., has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Henry Martineau.

Northfield Farms

Recent guests at O. Leach's are Mrs. Bancroft of Cambridge and Miss Gibbs of Orange.

E. E. Howes was in Hawley Sunday to attend the funeral of his mother.

Norman Greenwood has returned home after working two weeks in So. Deerfield.

Ernest Field was a recent guest in town.

Mrs. Ida. Howes has returned from Hawley after a two weeks' stay.

Mrs. Ellen Ward has been visiting her son. He is slowly improving.

On Monday nearly 70 joined the No. 3 Sunday School on a picnic to Sheep Falls. In the forenoon there was fine reading, singing and music. Then a fine dinner was served on a long table, built for the occasion by Mr. Streeter, after which came the egg, sack, peanut, running and potato races. Several prizes were given and it was a very enjoyable affair.

PUFF PASTE RECIPE.

How to Make the Kind That Melts In the Mouth.

Puff paste should never be called by its christened name unless it is deserving of the title. It should be as light as air and melt in the mouth like a snowflake on the river. It has been supposed to be indigestible, but when it is light and dry and flaky it is perfectly safe to be eaten. It is only the soggy, heavy pastry that refuses to be separated by the gastric fluids and becomes like lead in the stomach in a very short time. Puff paste is not often a success the first time it is made. It requires practice to make it well and a certain light touch which only practice brings. If the young housekeeper makes her paste according to this recipe she will find it an excellent one:

One pint of good butter, one quart of flour sifted, three-quarters of a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of ice water. Chill a mixing bowl with cold water. Wash the butter in cold water by working it with a spoon until it is soft. Divide it into four parts, roll in a napkin and put it on ice. Mix the flour and salt together and gradually mix in one part of the butter. Some people use their hands, while other people mix it with a spoon or knife. When the butter and flour are well mixed pour in the ice water very slowly. Do not stir the pastry, but cut it with the knife until the water is absorbed. Sprinkle the rolling board with a little flour, toss the ball of paste on with the knife and then pat with the rolling pin until it is quite flat and about an inch thick. Roll very lightly and quickly the whole length of the paste at every stroke.

When the paste is rolled out lay one of the quarters of butter in a little flour and roll into a long, thin piece and fold it into the pastry. Pound it lightly into a flat cake and roll again. Repeat with the rest of the butter, putting in a quarter each time and patting it and rolling it deftly and quickly. When the butter is all rolled in the pastry may be patted and re-rolled as often as your strength will permit.

Each time the paste is folded over the butter a small bubble of air gets in, and this does not escape unless the pastry is patted down. The motion for rolling should therefore be very light indeed and always away from you. The folding and rolling should continue until all streaks of butter are absorbed. Always put the puff paste on the ice to harden before it is baked. It should be very cold when it is put into the oven.

Infatuated.

"Likes to hear himself talk, doesn't he?"

"Does he? Say, if he talked in his sleep he'd stay awake all night to listen!"—Cleveland Leader.

The Jail.

"I am going to visit the jail. There is a man I want to see there."
"Is one all? I know about forty whom I should like to see there."—Indianapolis News.

BIG IMPROVEMENT MOVEMENT

Spokane, Wash., May Spend \$25,000,000 to Make City Attractive.

A movement is under way in Spokane, Wash., which was started by Charles M. Fassett, president of the chamber of commerce, involving the expenditure of \$25,000,000 to make Spokane not only the largest inland city, but the best place in which to live and work on the continent. In outlining the preliminaries for the work Mr. Fassett said:

"We want Spokane to be beautiful, sane, healthy and happy. We want



CHARLES M. FASSETT.

parks, boulevards, paved streets and a scheme of public buildings that will be a credit to our people. We want perfect water, sewage and garbage systems. We want anything that will make Spokane a better place in which to live, and with these we may trust implicitly that it will be populated by the right kind of men and women and become as great and strong as the aggregate of its citizenship. We want to combine the beautiful and the practical.

"The committee to be appointed in a few days will be divided into sub-committees on legislation, physical development, municipal administration, commerce and economics, public buildings and civic art and exploitation, but will not be limited to any one improvement or class of improvements. We are more anxious to know wherein Spokane is weak than wherein it is strong, so that we may build accordingly."

How to Crystallize Violets.

An easy way to crystallize violets is to arrange the violets, already separated from leaves and stalks and washed, on a flat dish. Take a gum brush and brush them over with thin gum. Take two lumps of sugar and rub them together over the violets, seeing to it that all parts of the flowers get covered. They will look very pretty, especially by artificial light.

How to Prepare Stoves For Storage.

To treat stove and furnace for summer storage rub all parts of the sheet iron, iron and nickel with common petroleum ointment. Put on a thick coating of it and wrap small pieces and stovepipe in newspaper. In the fall wipe off the petroleum ointment with a soft cloth. When stove is warm polish with stove blacking.

S. E. Whitmore

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1 Kimball Piano, \$100. 1 Mason and Hamlin, \$150. 1 Ivers and Pond, new, \$290. Pianos for rent. I pay cash for Pianos and sell accordingly.

SAVE MONEY by buying of me.
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are bred for points on Color, Shape, Combs and Wattles. They are always conditioned (fixed up) generally doctored and often faked and then sold at fanay prices. My stock and eggs are sold on their merits as shown by trap-nest record, at reasonable figures.

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James R. Hamilton, Agent

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THE PASSION PLAY AND ITS ACTORS

Unique Dramatic Event That Is Enacted in the Little Bavarian Village of Oberammergau Every Ten Years Because of a Vow Made During a Plague.

By WALTON WILLIAMS.
THE Passion play of Oberammergau has become perhaps the most famous single dramatic event on earth. It is certainly the most unique. Acted by peasants, the chief of whose required qualifications are religious devotion and purity of life, its dramatic force is equal to that seen upon any stage, albeit occupied by the world's greatest actors.

The Passion play is presented every ten years, the theory being that it shall not be cheapened by frequency. Oberammergau is a little Bavarian village surrounded by mountains. It has not been modernized except in the necessary features of sewerage and sanitation. In all other respects it is now as it has been for centuries. The peasants who present the play are woodcarvers and farmers. The financial return given to each actor is most modest, scarcely sufficient to pay for the actual time given the play. Yet the chief ambition of each of these simple villagers is to be an actor in the "Passionspiel."

It was in 1333 that the plague swept Oberammergau, the harvest of death claiming one-fourth of the population. The survivors met and resolved that every ten years thereafter they would present the sacred scenes of the Passion, after which the plague was miraculously stayed. That is the story, and back of it is one even more touching and beautiful. One peasant had lost his wife and children and in the dejection that followed dreamed that

Peasants Chosen For Their Religious Devotion and Purity of Life Present the Piece—Three Years Spent in Preparing for the Present Production.

reach to at least fifty during the summer. Indications are that greater crowds will visit Oberammergau than ever before, about three-fourths of them being Americans. The dates selected are as follows: May 10, 22, 29, June 5, 12, 19, 24, 29, July 3, 10, 17, 20, 24, 27, 31, Aug. 3, 7, 10, 14, 17, 21, 24, 28, 31, Sept. 4, 8, 11, 18, 25.

To insure getting a ticket to the performance it is necessary to order not only a seat, but lodging in advance. Those who take rooms in the village are the ones given the right to buy seats. To make sure one should arrive a day or two before time.

Until 1830 the play was given in the open fields. Then the theater was erected, but without a covering. In recent years it has been roofed over, but the stage is still open so that the scenes have a background of mountains. The surroundings, the theme and the acting are all impressive in the highest degree. Applause is never permitted. Perhaps the best conception of the play itself can be given by a synopsis:

Program of the Passion Play.

PROLOGUE BY LEADER OF CHORUS.
Opening tableaux—(a) The banishment of Adam and Eve from the garden of Eden.

(b) The veneration of the cross.
These tableaux place before the mind the two main facts of the drama of the Passion—namely, man's fall through sin and his redemption by the cross. They thus form a fitting introduction to the play.

PART I.

Act 1—Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem.



THREE OF THE CHIEF ACTORS IN THE PASSION PLAY.

he saw the Saviour. Then the outline of the cross appeared and a gentle voice spoke to him: "My son, are you weary? Are you heavy hearted? Do you weep? Remember my agony. I have endured more than thou."

Rushing to the church, the peasant rang the bell until all the villagers had gathered, whereupon he recounted his dream and proposed that the people enact the sorrows of the Master on every tenth year. The vow was taken then and there, and the plague speedily ended. All this is little more than legend. The one fact that is not legend is that the Passion play has been enacted every tenth year through the centuries that followed, the only exception being once when nearly all the able-bodied men in the village were absent in the wars.

Play Lasts All Day.

The play follows the Biblical narrative with great fidelity and has been adapted from time to time by the village priests. Every act is preceded by a tableau, usually taken from the Old Testament. There is also a chorus, the songs of which explain the tableaux. The play lasts all day, with two hours intermission at noon. It is scheduled to be presented twenty-nine times during the season, which runs from May till September. In case the spectators on any given day are more than can be accommodated in the theater, which seats over 4,000, the play is repeated on the following day. As this is liable to happen frequently the number of performances may

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Act 2—The meeting of the high court of the Jews and the debate against Christ. Tableaux—The sons of Jacob conspire against their brother Joseph.

Fulfillment—The high priests take counsel how to bring Jesus into their power. Act 3—Christ bids farewell to his mother in Bethany.

Tableaux—(a) The youthful Tobias takes leave of his aged father and mother. (b) The loving bride laments the absent bridegroom.

Fulfillment—Christ at Bethany. He is anointed by Magdalen, whereat Judas murmurs. Christ parts from his mother and friends at Bethany.

Act 4—The last journey to Jerusalem. Tableau—King Ahasuerus dismisses Vashti and chooses Esther.

Fulfillment—Christ goes with the disciples again toward Jerusalem, weeps at the sight of the sinful city, sends two disciples to prepare in advance the Passover lamb. Judas conceives the idea of betraying his Master. The two disciples come to Jerusalem.

Act 5—The last supper. Tableau—(a) The fall of the manna. (b) The grapes carried back from the promised land.

Fulfillment—Jesus partakes of the last supper with his disciples, washes their feet, institutes the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist and reveals the traitor.

Act 6—Treachery of Judas. Tableau—The sons of Jacob sell their brother for twenty pieces of silver. Fulfillment—Judas comes into the sanhedrin and promises to deliver his Master into the hands of the Pharisees for thirty silver pieces. The latter accept the traitor's offer and decide upon the death of Jesus.

Act 7—The agony in the garden and the betrayal. Tableau—(a) Adam compelled to earn his bread by the bitter sweat of hard toil. (b) Job, pretending to give Amasai the kiss of friendship, stabs him with a dagger.

Fulfillment—The agony of Christ in the garden. Judas betrays him with a kiss.

At this point, where the events of holy Thursday end, there is an intermission for rest and refreshment.

PART II.

Act 8—Jesus before Annas. Tableau—Micah, the prophet, is smitten for telling Ahab the truth.

Fulfillment—Jesus brought to Annas, in whose presence he is buffeted in the face. Act 9—Jesus before Caiaphas.

Tableaux—(a) The innocent Naboth stoned to death on the testimony of false witnesses. (b) The sufferings and patience of Job.

Fulfillment—Christ is led to Caiaphas, tried by him and declared worthy of death. Judas full of remorse and of anguish. Christ is denied by Peter, reviled and maltreated by the servants.

Act 10—Despair of Judas. Tableau—Cain, the murderer of his brother, tortured by conscience, wanders over the face of the earth.

Fulfillment—The despair of Judas, the ratification of the sentence of death in the sanhedrin. Judas, filled with remorse, enters the council chamber, dashes the thirty pieces of silver at the feet of the members of the council and in agony of conscience hangs himself.

Act 11—Christ before Pilate. Tableau—Daniel, accused of impiety by the princes before King Darius, condemned and cast into the lions' den.

Fulfillment—Christ is led to Pilate, accused by the priests, declared innocent and sent to Herod.

Act 12—Jesus at the court of Herod. Tableaux—Samson, brought to make sport before the princes of the Philistines, pulls down the temple upon them.

Fulfillment—Christ, after being mocked by the soldiers of Herod, is sent back to Pilate.

Act 13—The scourging at the pillar and crowning with thorns. Tableaux—(a) The blood besprinkled coat of Joseph is brought to Jacob. (b) Abraham on Mount Moriah sees a ram entangled in a thorn bush.

Fulfillment—Christ is led again to Pilate. The latter's attempt to save the innocent fails, and he orders the Saviour to be scourged.

Act 14—Jesus condemned to be nailed to the cross. Tableau—(a) Joseph is presented to the people as their ruler. (b) The scapegoat set free to wander in the wilderness.

Fulfillment—Pilate presents the scourged and thorn-crowned Christ to the people. At their demand he frees Barabbas and while washing his hands delivers Christ to the rabble to be put to death.

PART III.

Act 15—The sad journey to Calvary. Tableaux—(a) Isaac carrying wood for the sacrifice. (b) Moses lifts up the brazen serpent in the wilderness.

Fulfillment—Christ, carrying the cross, is led to Golgotha. Simon of Cyrene is compelled by the soldiers to assist Christ in bearing his heavy weight. Our Lord falls three times. The women of Jerusalem weep over Jesus. Christ meets his heartbroken mother.

Act 16—Calvary. No tableau, but a prologue by the members of the chorus, who now wear black garments over their white tunics.

The Scene—Jesus is fastened to the cross, which is raised. The seven last words. The arrangements made by the Jews to watch the grave. The taking down from the cross. The burial of the body of Jesus.

Act 17—The resurrection.

Act 18—The ascension and benediction of Christ. The closing tableau represents the victorious entrance of Christ into heaven. The choir bursts into a triumphant anthem.

In Preparation Three Years.

For three years the peasants of Oberammergau have been preparing for this summer's work. They look upon the play as a religious rite, and none is allowed to take part whose life has not been without reproach. The three years preceding the performances are looked upon as a period of consecration.

The selection of the peasants to enact the various roles is made on Dec. 3, the celebration of the feast of St. Nicholas. No higher honor does life hold for these peasants than to be chosen to enact the role of the Christ or the Virgin Mary. The role of Judas which offers the finest acting opportunities in the whole play, is always a source of the deepest grief to the person chosen for the part. It is accepted, however, with the spirit that the actor will endeavor to make the scene of remorse so poignant that it will be a never to be forgotten object lesson to all who see it. The profits of the play are divided into four parts, the first part going to the poor, the second to defraying the expenses of the play, the third for the hospital, the school of design and other institutions of the village; the fourth is as an honorarium for the actors. A small surplus is also put aside for equal distribution among the villagers, so that all may share in the financial benefits of the celebration.

That the actors have not been overpaid in the past is shown by the fact that Joseph Mayer, who was the Christus in 1870, received only \$100 and in 1880 only \$157.50, while Gregor Lechner, whose Judas was the masterpiece at both performances, had only \$25. Undoubtedly the actors will receive vastly more than these sums this year. And then, too, there will be thousands of dollars left in the town by tourists who will wish to stay there for several days to study the life of the peasants and to make the journey up the mountain Kopf, familiarly termed Christus Kopf, or Christ Head. The peasants go up this mountain the day after the performance as pilgrims to touch the picturesque cross perched on the topmost point. There is a belief among the natives that if this cross falls it will be a visible symbol that the Passion drama shall be discontinued.

A New Madonna.

Necessarily ten years bring about many changes in the dramatic personnel. Those who witnessed the Passion play in 1900 will recognize this year only three "holders." Johann Swink, Judas, whose daughter, Otella, is to be the new Madonna; Anton

Wall Paper

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The regular retail price of these tires is \$8.50 per pair, but to introduce we will sell you a sample pair for \$4.80 each with order \$5.00.

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DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have never been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of the specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is \$8.50 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only \$4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented. We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price \$4.55 per pair) if you send FULL CASH WITH ORDER and enclose this advertisement. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned at OUR expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer.

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Lang, Christus, who with his wife, soprano soloist in the cast of 1900, and their children, gives us a typical Oberammergau family, and Burgo-master Sebastian Baur, who will again represent Pontius Pilate. Sebastian Lang, the Calaphus of 1900, has been assigned the role of the ex-high priest Annas.

Oberammergau lies forty-three miles southwest of Munich, which is in the far southeastern part of Germany. In a straight line Munich is scarcely 200 miles across the Austrian Tyrol from Venice. By rail it is a fourteen hour journey or so from Bremen, Hamburg or Rotterdam, a distance of about 600 miles.

Oberammergau is within easy motoring distance of Munich, but the fact that the Passion play begins at 8 in the morning will serve to discourage any but the most energetic automobilists from attempting the forty-three miles between breakfast time and the opening of the performance. There is to be an alrship line, too, it is said, with a round trip fare of \$175 a passenger. It's the first alrship line regularly to be opened in the world, and the captain of the ship will be an officer from the aeronautic corps of the German army.

The Battle of Chalons.

There have been so many bloody battles it is perhaps impossible to say with absolute certainty which of them all was the bloodiest, but the balance of the evidence seems to be in favor of the battle of Chalons, France, fought A. D. 451 between the Huns, under Attila, and the Romans, Goths and Franks, under the command of Aetius, the most renowned captain of his day. At the head of his 500,000 of savages Attila was having everything his own way, and it looked as if Aryan civilization was destined to fall before the Tartar despotism, when

suddenly, like the bolt out of the blue, Aetius fell upon the barbaric hordes and Europe was saved. It is estimated that 400,000 of the barbarians were left dead on the field.

Couldn't Frighten Him.

An Indian maharajah once received Lord Clive, the famous soldier, in his palace court. Presently in sprang two whopping big Bengal tigers, as big as ever grew. They rolled and sprawled and romped all over the court, growled, split and struck at each other. All the time the rajah slyly and snakily stole glances at Clive to see if it would scare him green white. After a little the tigers were driven out. Clive smoked his cheroot all the while.

Birds and Lightning.

Birds are sometimes struck by lightning. Darwin records the case of a wild duck that he saw struck by a bolt while flying. It was killed instantly and fell to the ground. But birds seem to know instinctively that lightning is to be feared. That perhaps is why they seek shelter in thunderstorms. The sudden disappearance of the birds is, indeed, in the country one of the surest signs of an approaching tempest.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Paid For Style.

"Room and a bath, sir," said the hotel clerk politely, "\$2 a day."
"I said room and bath, young man," interrupted the pompous man. "Understand—bath!"
"Oh, room and bath? Beg pardon, sir. Then the rates will be \$5 a day."
—Pittsburg Press.

A Clumsy Compliment.

She (to partner claiming first dance)—You are an early bird, Mr. Glossiest. He (gallantly)—Yes; and, by Jove, I've caught the worm!—London M. A. P.

HAPPENINGS OF LA MODE.

Scarlet Stockings Now Threatened.
Hand Painting on Evening Shoes.

This is going to be a great season for women with pretty feet, and the cult of the stocking will be a summer craze. The simple black stocking has ceased to be smart worn with low shoes and pumps. Scarlet, old rose, cerise and gray are the colors most approved.

Evening shoes hand painted are being shown in exclusive shops. Apple blossoms, ivy and forgetmenots are the flowers that have appeared on these slippers so far.

It is said that frocks of foulard and crepon are to take the place of muslin and linen gowns for summer. The

ed will be found very good. Plaits are always to be avoided in a tub skirt, as they get out of shape and are very difficult to laundry successfully. JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern is cut in sizes from 22 to 32 inches waist measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 6639, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

FRIBBLES OF FASHION.

Charming Frocks For the Summer
Girl—Jet on Silk Hosiery.

Lace striped dimities made over colored slips or petticoats are quite new. The stripes are sufficiently wide to permit the underneath color showing through. Such dresses need little or no trimming, and they are made up in simple style.

Dresses of colored embroidery on white will be among the unusual



FOR THE JUNE BRIDE.

laundress had things all her own way last summer; now it is the day of the cleaner.

Bridal gowns made with a tunic are modish this season. The cut shows a costume with this modish feature. The material used is white satin, with an overdrapery of silver gauze.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

These May Manton patterns come in sizes for the skirt from 22 to 30 inches waist measure and for the waist from 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Send 10 cents each for these patterns to this office, giving numbers—skirt 6602 and waist 6615—and they will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

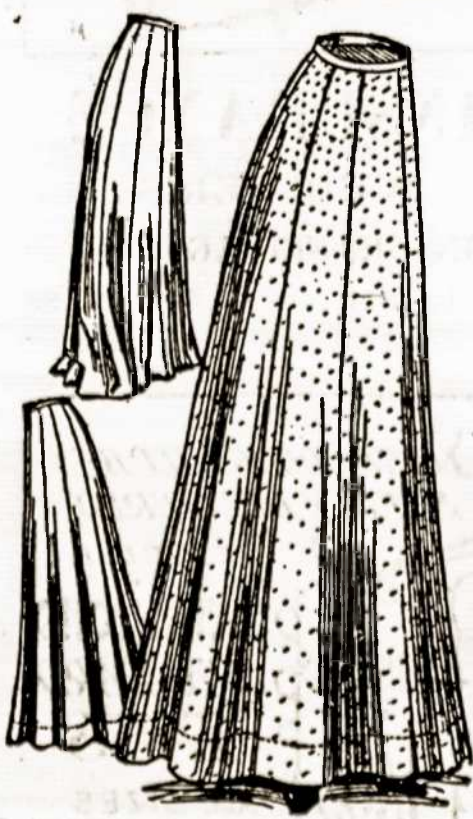
FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

Girlish Model For a Summer Gown.
Straw Roses on Hats.

A girlish white dress is of batiste, with no other decoration than several widths of white footings. The skirt is bordered with three flounces of batiste six inches deep, each set six inches above the last. Each scant ruffle is frilled with the footing. The narrow width of footing adorns the bodice, with the wider one mitered in as a square Dutch neck is used as a cuff band for the three-quarter sleeves.

The embroidered monogram is still seen on parasols and is just as popular an emblem as it was last summer. The long slim letters are best liked.

Straw roses are to be seen on tailored hats. To make them the straw



SKIRT FOR TUB FROCKS.

brak is rolled between the thumb and finger and is then held tightly and sewed into a rosebud and surrounded by other buds like it to the number of two dozen or more. Artificial leaves are used with the straw roses.

For wash skirts the model illustrates



TUCKED BLOUSE.

gowns for summer wear later in the season. It is not at all unusual to find four or even five different kinds of laces on a single costume.

Many summer gowns will have the skirts made up of a series of ruffles of varying lengths.

The newest black silk stockings are embroidered up to the instep with tiny jet beads.

Quaint is a bag of white suede in a raised pattern of a swan outlined in brilliants.

The simple tucked blouse is always attractive. This model can be made from any lingerie material or silk. The neck may be made square or high necked, as desired.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern comes in sizes from 22 to 42 inches bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 6647, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

MOTOR ACCESSORIES.

What is New and Convenient in Automobile Furnishings.

The new motorcar luncheon table is finding many appreciative purchasers. All credit is due to the one who thought of making a box of a size to fit with the legs to hold up underneath.

The motor table is fitted with the usual bottle for holding drinkables, a plated box for chicken, and so on, and



SMART BATHING SUIT.

underneath is a drawer for cutlery, while when opened out the top will be found to be a card table, as in the case of the traveling washstand.

Another capital luncheon case is the

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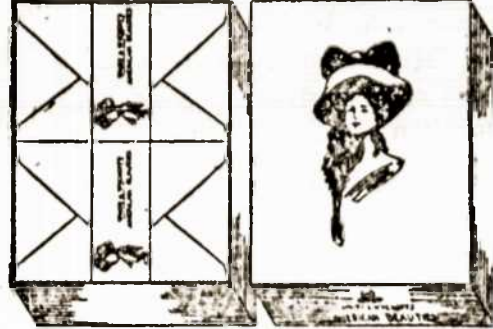
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Juvenile books in paper and cloth, colored illustrations, etc.

Northfield Press,

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one in the form of a footstool, with a corrugated rubber cover top bound with brass. For a party of four it is better to have two of these cases fitted for two than a larger one for the four people.

Another accessory is a nice large pocket with a board in it for winding vells on and a couple of books with properly spaced ruled pages for a record of the trip and expenses.

Bathing suits always follow the general trend of fashion, and this year one that is made in Russian tunic style is a favorite. Here is a model that is graceful and becoming and simple withal. JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern is cut in sizes from 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 6655, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

Yellow Fever.

"Every one knows that when a man has once had yellow fever and recovers he never contracts the disease again, no matter how much he exposes himself to infection," said Dr. Fred S. Williams of Havana. "This ability to resist the minute organisms which cause the malady is called immunity, and in tropical countries where yellow jack is always present it is turned to profit in various ways.

"Thus during the Spanish-American war regiments of immunes were enlisted in the south for service in the fever ridden country about Santiago. Again, during an epidemic in New Orleans many persons purposely exposed themselves to infection because the disease prevailed in a very mild form, and they concluded that if they were infected they would quickly recover and would be immune during severe epidemics in the future."—Washington Herald.

In Half Mourning.

"I don't understand you, Linda. One day you're bright and jolly and the next depressed and sad."

"Well, I'm in half mourning; that's why."—Fliegende Blätter.

Lost Both Ways.

"Did you get in without your wife hearing you last night?"

"No, and I didn't get in without hearing her, either."—Houston Post.



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The person who is able to boss the boss always acts as if it were a very trivial matter indeed.

A self satisfied man is a great discouragement to other persons who may have deep and dark designs on him.

There is something wrong with your philosophy if you find it applicable to others, but not to yourself.

Being a pessimist is about as satisfying as eating an icicle in a snowstorm.

The only safe liar is the one who doesn't know he lies.

Some persons look innocent because they are and some others because they need to.

When a man can't think of anything else to do he always improves the idle hour by explaining to his wife how easily and quickly all her housework might be done.

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WANTED

WANTED— "Northfield Echoes", vols. 1 and 2, (1894-5), bound or unbound.
Press Office.

WANTED— Fifteen men boarders now at Wayside Inn. Special rate, \$6.00.
Mrs. Cora Adams.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL

In response to the agitation created by Peter's letter in the Press last week the flower bed with its threatening fence near the fountain has been removed.

Miss Kittle O'Keefe of Lawrence, Miss Anna Callaghan and Miss Margaret Grace of Boston were here with friends and relatives the first of the week.

Miss Newton has put in a well selected stock of ladies one piece dresses. Just the thing for summer wear. Neat, comfortable and quite inexpensive. Call and see them. Parsons block, 39 Main St.

C. H. Webster and family went to W. Dover, Vermont, the first of the week to visit the N. D. Alexanders. Mrs. Banks went with them and will remain a couple of weeks.

A new sidewalk is being laid on south and west sides of the Proctor Block which will add greatly to the comfort and appearance of the street.

Wesley Irish of Brattleboro, George Gardner, John Wall of Boston and Rep. Chas. Malley of Boston were with friends and relatives in Northfield on Decoration Day.

Calvin A. Irish, the oldest member of the Henry H. Johnson Post, G. A. R., is written up in the Boston Globe. Mr. Irish was born in 1830, enlisted in 1862 and was discharged in 1865. He served with Kilpatrick, Sheridan and Custer.

We regret exceedingly to record the serious illness of Mr. F. J. Stockbridge who was stricken with heart trouble last Friday. His absence from the exercises of Decoration Day was noted by many.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Nims of Brattleboro, Clifford Lyman and Bert Preston of Worcester, Cecil Cummings of Millers Falls, Mrs. Asa Brown of Amherst, Mrs. Geo. Spofford of New London, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Green of New York were among visitors to Northfield on Decoration Day.

The largest number of guests, at this season of the year, in the history of the Northfield Hotel were entertained from Saturday to Monday. Every available room was taken.

Dr. and Mrs. N. P. Wood have gone to St. Louis, Mo., where the doctor will attend the annual meeting of the American Medical Association. After this meeting is over he will go with Mrs. Wood to visit their son Robert in Kansas. They will be gone two weeks.

Forty persons will unite with the Congregational Church next Sunday morning; thirty five on confession and five by letter. This is the largest number of accessions at one time since the Torrey meetings in the spring of 1907 and is the result of the general work of the pastor, church and Sunday School.

Mercury's Accident.

"What's the matter with your office boy?"
"He hurt himself while running when I sent him on an errand the other day."
"Come off! You don't mean to say—"
"I do. He never did the errand, but he found out why a horse had fallen down in the street."—Cleveland Leader.

A Rare Bird Indeed.

"I think I shall learn to like that friend of yours."
"You were favorably impressed by him, eh?"
"Yes, indeed. He watched me playing billiards for an hour yesterday without once suggesting how a shot ought to be made."—Detroit Free Press.

The "Gold Snake."

A Mexican superstition, very common among miners in that country, relates to the "gold snake." This species of serpent is perfectly harmless and very handsome, being green in color and with a golden iridescence in its scales. Faith is entertained that wherever a gold snake makes its nest there is a ledge containing the precious metal, and there are many miners who will locate a claim at once if they find a gold snake.

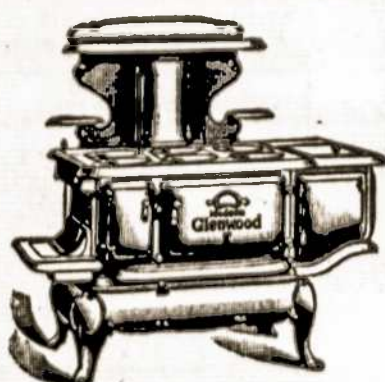
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WANTED— A good cook.
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FOR SALE— Gold fish. Large and beautiful. Call and see them.
M. G. Kakhtalian,
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KNOTS IN WOODWORK.

How to Treat Them Before Laying on the Coat of Paint.

Knots and sappy places in boards are hard to cover with paint so that it will stay for any length of time, says Popular Mechanics. It has always been a problem with painters to effectually treat such places before laying on a coat of paint. The usual way is to cover them with one or two coats of shellac and sometimes apply aluminum leaf, but this is not sufficient, especially if they are in a position where the rays of the sun will fall upon them.

The only way to kill bad knots and sappy places is to draw out as much sap as possible before covering them up with paint. This can be done with a gasoline torch such as is used by painters and electricians. Hold the torch with the flame striking the knot or sappy place until the wood surrounding it begins to char. If the knot is an exceptionally bad one and located in a prominent place, such as a porch column, trace around the knot with a piece of charcoal, lay a sheet of white asbestos on it and rub over the outside surface around the edge of the knot to transfer the charcoal marking to the asbestos. Cut the asbestos out on the marks, thus making a hole the size of the knot. Lay the asbestos on the wood so it will cover all the surface, leaving the knot exposed. Apply the heat as before. In this way the sap can be drawn without injuring the wood surrounding the knot. After the sap has been drawn apply a coat of shellac and when dry smooth up with a putty made from whiting, white lead and Japan gold size. Knots treated in this manner will not show through the paint.

THRASHING CUCUMBERS.

Method of Extracting the Seed by Machinery.

Hundreds of acres of irrigated land in western Kansas and eastern Colorado are used for the production of cucumber, cantaloupe and watermelon seeds. The growing of cucumbers for seed is said to be very profitable, and the owners often clear from \$100 to \$150 per acre, as the seed companies pay from \$1 to \$2 a pound for the product. The cucumbers are sown in rows six feet apart both ways, and the seeds are planted about the 1st of May. After the plants come through the ground they are hoed and irrigated, the furrow for the water running lengthwise with the rows and close to the hills. A cultivator is used until the vines run well between the rows.

The cucumber thrasher is built on a wagon-like frame, supported by great wide wheels and drawn by two horses. The machinery of the thrasher is in most instances, according to the Gas Engine Magazine, operated by a two horsepower gas engine. The crusher looks like a common cider mill and has two rollers, which crush the cucumbers as they pass between them. The cucumbers go from the crusher into a large cylindrical seeder, which is set horizontally. The outer surface is a wire netting with meshes large enough to permit the seeds to pass through.—Popular Mechanics.

Cynical.

"Do you think there is really any such thing as platonic love?"
"Yes. It exists between most husbands and their wives."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Illustration.

"Papa, what is faith?"
"Well, my boy, they say your baby brother sleeps, but I've never seen him do it. Yet if I believe he does—that's faith."—Life.

Diplomacy.

"I can't get along with that cook."
"But have you tried diplomacy, my dear?"
"I have. Today I handed the minx her passports."—Washington Herald.



Monumental Work

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TO BEDECK HIS OWN GRAVE.

Jersey Veteran Says He Wants to See How It Will Look.

"If I am alive next Memorial day I intend to decorate my own grave, float a flag above it and have my picture taken," declares James Townsend of School street, Milltown, N. J., a member of the G. A. R., who is now making his own funeral arrangements. "It will be the only way I can see how I will look at my own grave."

Mr. Townsend recently purchased from Undertaker Hubbard of New Brunswick, N. J., a metallic coffin. Mr. Townsend some years ago bought a grave in Van Liew cemetery, in New Brunswick, and has made a practice of decorating his grave every Memorial day since. His wife is buried in Van Liew cemetery, and on the tombstone is his own inscription, together with that of his wife. The only vacant detail is the date of his death.

A Fresh Start.

A girl came in and sat in front of them at the play, she and her escort. "What a lovely profile!" said he. "Beautiful! Delicate little upturned nose, small mouth, deep, pretty eyes! Isn't she beautiful—beautiful?"
"Beautiful," said she, "but not half so much so as the man she is with. Isn't he the handsomest chap you ever saw? Look at his color, his mustache, his lovely head of hair. So many men are bald or beginning to be bald. I do love to see a fine head of hair on a man."

"You know," he whimpered, "it always makes me sore to speak of people beginning to be bald, and you know why."

"Will you let up on the pretty profile if I cut out the bald head?" she asked.

"Yes," said he.

"All right," said she.—New York Press.

Born to Starve.

Many years ago an American naturalist, Dana, discovered on the surface of the sea a little animal of so singular a character that he named it "monstrilla." It is a small crustacean akin to the cyclops so common in ponds. But, while the latter are furnished with all that is necessary to capture and digest their food, the monstrilla has neither apparatus for seizing prey nor any digestive tube. It is richly provided with muscles, nervous system and organs of sense; it lacks only what is necessary to prolong life by alimentation. The monstrilla is doomed, therefore, to natural death.—Exchange.

Her Prize.

Daughter—Did you have to fish much, mamma, before you caught papa? Mother—Fish, my dear—fish! I was bear hunting.—London M. A. P.

Fred L. Proctor

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